

## Making Purple

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Summary: This is a one-shot between Marceline and Bubblegum, hope you like it please review!

## Making Purple

The bed was messy, with blankets and pillows strewn about, tangled, and falling onto the floor. In the middle of all that mess, however, were two girls of equal height but different everything else.

The one on the left had rosy pink skin and long, dark pink hair. Her body was thin and fit and her slender legs wrapped around her companion's. The girl on the right had hair so dark it looked like the night sky had been pulled as silk and sewn onto her head. Her coloring was light, almost blueish in the moonlight, and she held onto the pink girl like she was drowning.

Just then, commotion began to arise outside. The pink girl's eyes snapped open and, with a rush of heat to her face, she realized what had happened last night. Both girls were naked.

"Marcy," she said, rolling over towards the black-haired girl.

"Marcy, wake up."

Opening green eyes, Marceline stared at the other girl. She blushed deeply and pulled the covers over herself with the words, "What's going on?"

"Something's happening in the palace- please make yourself invisible, I'll be right back," the pink girl explained, slipping out of bed and into her robe. As she neared the door, Marceline sat up.

"Wait," she said, "Bonny, last night â€¦ does this mean â€¦"

Princess Bubblegum stared at Marceline. "Yes," she finally said, and

then she left the room to see what was going on outside.

Marceline waited in silence, her body now invisible. After getting dressed, she wandered around Princess Bubblegum's bedroom, looking the photos on the walls.

Bonny from when she was younger, standing in front of the newly-made candy palace. Bonny and her first dozen or so citizens. Bonny, Finn, Jake, and Lady Rainicorn.

\_No pictures of me, \_Marceline thought a little sarcastically, flopping back down on the bed. As she did, however, her head hit something hard under the pillow.

Reaching for the mystery object, Marceline pulled out a framed photo of â€| well â€|

In the picture, she and Princess Bubblegum were standing in the corner of the candy ball room, both dressed in nice gowns- Bonny's white with a pink sash and Marceline's a deep maroon- and Princess Bubblegum's lips were on her own. Marceline remembered this kiss- remembered the way Bonny had thrown herself at the Vampire Queen and then pulled away with a gasp, stuttering an apology. "I have to go delete this off the security footage," she'd said with tears in her eyes. "I'm so sorry, Marceline."

\_She kept it. She wanted to remember. \_

\_But what about last night? What was that? \_

The door opened again with a soft creak and Marceline looked towards it, her invisible form bristled with anxiety.

"Marce," a shadowy figure whispered, "it's me." Princess Bubblegum came all the way in and shut the door, turning on the bedroom light. She was tired, bags under her eyes and hair messy.

Marceline made herself visible again and sat up, looking at Bonny for an explanation.

"Lemongrab spying again," the pink girl said, anger on her face. "I got him to go home, but I'll have to deal with it tomorrow."

Sitting down on the edge of the bed, Princess Bubblegum looked at Marceline. "So," she whispered.

"Bonny, I'm sorry." The words were soft as the Vampire Queen spoke them, gazing out the window. "I know you have responsibilities. I know that love can't mess that junk up. So, I- I'm just gonna go, okay? I'll be fine."

"What?" Princess Bubblegum said, looking surprised. "No way! Marcy, I know I have responsibilities, but â€| I can't push everyone out. You taught me that! It took me a while to accept this, but â€| I love you, Marceline."

They looked at each other. "I love you, too."

The kiss was a sweet, silver purple.

End  
file.